

## need you here to stay

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31702577) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31702577>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Camping</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">It's a lot of fluff</a> , <a href="#">Introspection</a> , <a href="#">Purple Prose</a> , <a href="#">Feelings Realization</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Oblivious</a> , <a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Literal Sleeping Together</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">They Are Idiots</a> , <a href="#">feral boys camping trip while dnf is being dumb but they end happy and sweet :)</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">2021 DNF Reverse Big Bang</a> , <a href="#">call 911 for I have died at the sheer perfection that are these fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-03 Words: 5099

## need you here to stay

by [quartzfia](#)

### Summary

George was asleep. George was asleep and he was laying against Dream, and Dream was stiff as a board because holy shit the guy he's been in love with for like ever is right there and-

The blonde blinked a few times at the boy fast asleep against him. It seemed oddly poetic, the way he looked just as beautiful asleep here as he did in the chaotic car.

Or, the feral boys go on a camping trip, and when George and Dream are forced to share a tent, they're also forced to confront their growing feelings for one another.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The idea wasn't the problem, really, it was more the execution of *getting* there that had Dream more peeved than anything.

Karl had been the first to suggest it, a camping trip with the group since they were all in Florida for other business, but none of them had really taken it seriously until the brunet and Sapnap had produced a printed brochure of a campsite a few hours away from where Dream, George and him had been living that anything was finalized.

Dream had honestly been excited about going camping, especially with it being with his closest friends, however, being in a cramped car for more than twenty minutes with the five of them was more akin to hell in his mind.

“*Quackity!* Turn the music down holy *shit*, you’re gonna burst one of our fucking eardrums,” Sappnap groaned, shoving the hand already pressing against his ear harder into his skin.

“What? I can’t hear you over the sound of the radio!” Alex yelled back, shitty pop blasting overtop the conversation.

Karl had opted to drive, while Dream, Sappnap and Quackity desperately fought for shotgun, only to lose in a far too intense rock paper scissors game that only furthered bickering (“*I’m six foot three!* I need my space-” “Suck it tall-ass!”).

That led them to where they were now, Dream and Sappnap in the back side seats with a very weary George, still half asleep, in between them. The blonde’s frustration had been building with the pointless jokes and stupid bits that had been repeating for the first half-hour of the ride, causing him to desperately try and focus on literally *anything* else.

“Alex, turn it down, I’d prefer you two don’t kill each other before we get there,” Karl mumbled, his own voice full of bleak lethargy. It was far too early for them to be on the road, in Dream’s opinion, but the others had been far too excited to care about the extra hours of sleep they definitely needed.

In all honesty, all the noise was getting to him. The sound of the quiet grumbles and quips back and forth, the loud pop music with bass boosted far too high, the sound of the car speeding along the increasingly bumpy road, the sound of every small movement of the squished bodies in the car, the sound of the *world* was causing his leg to bounce faster and his mind to spin and his hands to grip onto the material of his sweatpants and, holy shit, *when* he started sweating and-

A small poke to his arm snapped him out of his trance.

“Dream, can I sleep on you?” George mumbled out, eyes blearily looking up at the blonde, pupils wide as could be and hair a fluffy mess of brown tufts. Dream swallowed, eyes raking over the tired boy in front of him, almost passed out in front of his own eyes. He gave a small nod and absentmindedly noticed the car had become much quieter to him.

““Course, George.”

A small dopey smile slid across the brunet’s mouth, and the blonde had to keep himself from letting red cover his entire body right then and there. Gingerly, the smaller tucked himself into a dip in the taller’s broad shoulder, nuzzling to get where he wanted, with one arm holding onto Dream’s own for comfort.

The pounding against his chest continued as he looked down at the boy with everything he had.

So *sure*, Dream had a *small* crush on his best friend, and *maybe* that was the reason he was going on this trip with little complaint, but it wasn’t a huge deal or anything.

The fondness that lay behind his eyes would always be secure in George’s grip, whether he knew it or not, with each quirk or conversation continuing to build the lava of love Dream had felt for him. He could look at George all day and never get tired of the way his hair was the perfect shade of dark brown to frame his porcelain skin, the way his fingers wrapped idly around whatever they held in such a delicate way, the way his eyes were almost always blown out and filled with things

he could never quite place due to the allusivity of the boy's nature.

Dream couldn't hear the pop music at all anymore, nor Sapnap's muttering, nor the rocky road beneath their tires.

All he could hear was the gentle breathing of *his* George close to his ear, falling into a deep slumber within minutes.

The blonde, too, found himself drifting out of consciousness, letting himself get lost in the electrifying touch wrapping around his arm and right half of his body. Idly, he'd wondered if George would sleep like this on the way back home, too, before he had finally succumbed to the darkness of sleep, nose faintly smelling lavender in brunet waves.

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Sapnap was the first to bolt out of the car when they had pulled in to a stop against the rubble campground, followed by Quackity who seemed just as distracted by the nature surrounding them as the brunet.

Dream turned his head to the snoring boy, still gripping his arm with what he could, and felt the steady pooling of red to his cheeks with each soft breath. He gently let his hand slid to George's knee, shaking his leg and turning his lips to his ear.

"George," Dream whispered, heart stammering against his chest and fingers burning with each place he was touching the shorter, "Georgie, c'mon we're here."

It only took a few seconds for the brunet to start stirring, eyes blinking slowly open as he pulled his head away from it's secure spot and looked up at the blonde. Dream couldn't help the breath that caught in his throat as a tired George stared up at him with wide eyes, the only sign of appreciation he could muster.

"Lovers! Get the fuck out here, we need help taking our shit out!" An obnoxious voice Dream noted as Quackity yelled, snapping the pair out of the daze they had been locked in prior.

The two were bounding out the car with small laughs, George urging himself awake as the pair stepped over to where the three others were behind the car unloading.

"First thing is we do the tents, because if we procrastinate that we'll be sleeping on dirt tonight," Karl said, moving to pull out the group's duffle bags first, dropping them by Sapnap's feet who had already started to groan.

"That's gonna be so fucking annoying to put together, you realize?"

"Who even wanted the whole tent thing in the first place? S' not like none of us could afford an actual cabin," George muttered, causing a snort from the taller next to him, staring down and taking in everything he could from the brunet's exterior.

"Karl was the one who wanted the whole 'real camping' thing," Dream mumbled back, leaning down as to not be heard by the others. He had always loved that, about him and George, the way no matter who they were around, it always seemed to be just them against the world. Their own little bubble of life, and humor, and love.

A word that Dream had always been one to hold close to his heart but now seemed to rain storming clouds on his sunny world. Love had been something he'd prided himself on for years, his ability *to* love, and to love with all of himself and then some. He knew that George loved him; that he cared about him and would do almost anything for him, but not that he *loved* him. He didn't love him in the way of soft caresses sending sparks through their meeting points, or in the way of yearning desperately to call him his and hold him close without ever intending to let him go.

No, Dream knew George couldn't love him like that, he'd known it for years. But recently, he couldn't stop letting himself wish, even for a split second.

"I just woke up, and if I'm being honest, the river over there is calling my name," George spoke up, throwing in a yawn at the end with a gesture to a small river, cool clear water flowing over deep set grey rocks causing flickers of light to burn into the world.

"No, George, you're gonna help us, your pretty privilege only works on Dream."

Sapnap rolled his eyes as he spoke, laughs coming from the other two boys as they continued hoisting the materials out of the trunk.

"He *just* woke up. It'll be like, ten minutes, yeah?" Dream offered hopefully. He couldn't help but pride himself on the dopey smile of the brunet next to him. Sapnap was about to interrupt again, eyebrows furrowed, as Karl gave him a look of 'Just let them go'.

Hope oozed from the blonde's eyes as his gaze flickered between the two, only for the brunet to sigh and mumble something to himself as Karl gave a soft nod.

George's eyes lit up instantly at the defeat and bolted towards the opposite sight of the campground towards the water. Before Dream could stop himself, he too was running to catch up, his height giving him a significant advantage in being able to reach him. A small wooden bridge lay overtop the small stream of water, and without a word George had already moved to step onto it, delicate hand brushing the railing as he stared down at the glittering water.

*Don't rub your hand on there, you could get a splinter*

Dream let the thought pass him by, opting to not speak as the brunet looked down at the rippling water with wide eyes and a soft smile.

The blonde could watch him like this all day, he'd see *his* George with a sappy smile on his face, just enjoying the presence around him. Dream shifted his arms to be folded over the wood, letting his cheek fall against the fabric of his hoodie as he continued to look.

"I've always thought water was cool," George said, uncharacteristically quiet with his words. Dream let out a soft rumble of laughs.

"Water *is* cool."

A scoff was heard as the blonde let himself wheeze a bit more at the stupidity of his joke.

"You're such an idiot, Dream."

George turned to look down at him, seemingly taken aback at the fact that he was already staring. The taller *should* have felt some sort of shame or guilt for being so transparent in that moment about his glances and stares, but when mocha brown eyes that had been consuming him in his entirety for months were found looking back at him with a fraction of affection laced deep into their pupils, he truly couldn't bring himself to care.

George blinked a few times, eyes trailing back to the water with a soft abandonment. Dream helplessly followed the gaze without much of a thought. Wherever his boy would go, he'd follow. He always would.

"You think they'll be mad if we stay away for much longer?"

Dream thought for a moment, trying to formulate a response without the constant nagging thought of "oh shit he's so pretty" continuing to take the forefront. Windy tree branches and a cool breeze airing out the fall air nicely, and the smell of pine flooding his sense of smell.

It felt *perfect*.

"Probably. You wanna go back?"

He prayed to any being above listening to him that he wouldn't want to go back, but with a yawn and a sleepy grin, he knew they'd slowly start their trek back.

The walk was peaceful, an air of something Dream couldn't quite place mixing with the infatuation pouring over from his own eyes. He swore his arm would forever hold the imprint of the brunet as he wrapped his own around the taller's to get a sense of grounding.

When the others were in sight, they were met with loud bickering interrupting what had been a tranquil scene prior.

"*God*, you can't even count? You're such a fucking dumbass!" Sappnap groaned, eyes raking over what was four set up tents in a row somewhat spread out. Dream counted and counted and recounted, and when it finally hit him what had happened, he froze in his spot.

"Two of us are sharing a tent, Alex forgot the last one at--"

"- *You guys should've double-checked!*"

More whines and bickering ensued before the blonde moved to step in, eyes rolling at the childish nature of three of his closest friends.

"It's *no* one's fault. More important question is how we decide who's gonna share,"

The group went silent as they turned to make direct eye contact with Dream. The blonde's face heated up, red flushing to the tips of his ears as he began to defend himself.

"*What?* Why- Why me, I didn't even do anything! And plus, George would have to agree, and you can't force him to--"

"S' fine Dream," George said, cutting him off and poking the taller in the sides. The blonde fell silent at the statement and turned towards him, sputtering to respond.

"No, no, it's not a big deal I don't want you to have to feel like you're--"

"*Dream.*"

George grabbed both of the blonde's forearms, softly examining the growing red over his face. Dream felt the cherry blossoms bloom over the top of his tan skin and sun-loved freckles.

"It's fine, yeah?"

Dream swallowed, drinking up every piece of George who was laid out perfectly in front of him. A

beautiful boy smiling up at him with tender care laced between every word he spoke. He felt like he was dreaming

“Yeah, alright.”

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The rest of the evening went decently smooth, eating food over a fire wasn't as hard as they expected (although, Dream had noted to never put Sapnap in charge of fire ever again). As the stars began taking their place in the sky, adding bright dots of white to the deep navy painting overtop of them, the group seemed far too tired to do anything interesting late into the evening.

The tent was small. It really was only meant for one person, and with Dream being the giant he was, the tiny space was only *more* noticeable than it regularly would have been. The blonde had been staring anxiously into the ceiling of the tent, almost making a gaping hole with his eyes.

A tiny part of him regretted the decision, wishing he could've shared a tent with someone he *wasn't* hopelessly in love with. Even the body heat of the boy next to him was sending off all sorts of intense red flags in his mind and sent blood into his cheeks with ease. Each and every movement was full of anxiety and a tornado of feelings waiting to pick up everything in its path and rearrange.

George was too goddamn *perfect*, and it was fucking with Dream's head. The soft glances and shy looks like that of raindrops falling against crystal glass and making beautiful trails in their tracks, or the unabashed quips and jabs that never ceased to send his mind whirring with want, and the desire to tear the porcelain boy and put him back together.

A small mumble sent him back into reality, as the petite body next to him rolled over and onto a secure spot just under his shoulder. Dream's world stopped spinning as all his brain could focus on was the electrifying touch sending sparks through his bloodstream and across each inch of tan skin. Subconsciously, he was holding his breath, waiting for something he couldn't quite figure out to let him know he could breathe again.

He supposed that thing was a gentle opening of the brunet's lips, eyes staying closed in their spot and body breathing just as deeply.

George was asleep. George was asleep and he was *laying* against Dream, and Dream was stiff as a board because *holy shit the guy he's been in love with for like ever is right there and-*

The blonde blinked a few times at the boy fast asleep against him. It seemed oddly poetic, the way he looked just as beautiful asleep here as he did in the chaotic car.

George would always be the eye of his storm; always the peace amongst whatever may be thrown at the pair.

He contemplated what to do, as the sleeping bags holding them were not much against the chilly air surrounded by trees and darkness.

Dream couldn't just let him freeze then, now could he?

Moving as if he could shatter glass, the blonde turned just slightly so he could reach an arm and gently place it on the brunet's waist. He watched the boy's every move with such intensity, terror flooding him at the idea of George *waking up* during the moment.

After a few seconds of nothing, and more timid snores, Dream let himself sigh into the ground, hand unwavering against the shorter's body. The hold was just tight enough to remind Dream who he had, even if it wasn't in the exact way that he would want.

The tall boy turned his head to look at the tuft of brunet waves against his chest, and couldn't help the intense thumping from inside, and the warm smile that fell over him.

In moments like these, Dream truly felt that he had found his home.

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Neither had mentioned it, when they woke up entangled in a mess of two sleeping bags and strong grips on each other's shirts. Nothing more than a small laugh and another set of red faces when they pulled away.

The other three had much more involved activities for their first day there, and after much convincing, George was finally shoved into what he had found out to be icy cold water in the lake just by their campground. Of course, Dream scowled at this and protested the incessant bullying of George, but the other's couldn't truly take him seriously when he had been looking at the brunet with puppy dog eyes for what had in all reality been years.

Aside from the temperature, the lake was a lot of fun, and Dream found himself being doused in cold water far more than he would've liked in the first place, but when the short brunet's laugh rang out in a symphony of notes, he couldn't bring himself to care.

More than that, the comments and quips were getting more intense as the day went on. Comments that would've been usually made fun of by Sapnap would instantly be turned around onto Dream from George, often coupled with a brush of the arm or a subtle look up past thick lashes that made the blonde weak in his knees.

Dream was fucked, like, *beyond* fucked if George kept up the way he was going.

It had evened out a decent amount when the group went to relax for a break and during their dinner, but while they had been making s'mores, the brunet simply could not keep his hands off of the blonde. Always a touch, or some part of him resting against the taller in a subtle nod to remember he was there.

The blonde was going insane. Each brush of his hand or obvious notion of having more contact made his mind shut down and speaking became *immensely* hard. How could *anyone* remain unphased when someone as gorgeous and attractive as George was feeling him up and sending him wanting more?

They were in their sleeping bags again, although this time George wasn't asleep when he rolled over. A small hand splayed against his chest as the brunet nuzzled closer into his body, where he had been the previous night, but with some sort of intent behind it.

"This fine?" He slurred, words blurry with sleep, as he was already getting himself settled almost on top of the blonde.

Dream was on *fire*, his limbs were weightless and if he had no self-control he would've had his hands on the brunet's hips and been kissing him senseless before he could finish the sleep-deprived thought.

“Mhmm,” Dream mustered, forcing his hand to hover feather-light above the boy’s waist.

A sharp tug of his arm was felt as George scooted forward a bit, ensuring they were flush against each other with the limiting capacity they already had.

“G’night Dream.”

The blonde could *feel* the smile against his shirt, and was praying to whatever was out there that George couldn’t hear his heartbeat that was now out of control. His breath was shaky, too, as his other hand moved to grasp his sleeping bag.

It felt so perfect, to be holding George like this. Something he could get used to waking up too, like tall windows of light pouring in on a Sunday morning where neither had anything to do but simply be, and something he’d want to wake up to for the rest of his life. His eyes grew bleary as his mind fuzzied with scenarios of love, passion, and pure, unfiltered, affection between him and his best friend.

Dream grimaced at the mental acknowledgment of their relationship. George was more; he was so, *so* , much more.

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He wasn’t in their tent.

It was odd, too, George had been off seemingly all day.

The night before’s events had played on a loop in Dream’s brain for hours on end, the feeling of the smaller pressing himself so firmly and snug against him made his head reel every single time it had crossed his mind. He kept zoning out during the walks they had done, and Sapnap had to constantly hit his arms to keep him paying attention to what he was doing.

George on the other hand, had went from being glued to Dream to being dead silent and avoidant to anything anyone could do. Every joke he’d normally laugh at from Quackity was responded to with silence and an awkward beat. Every touch Dream had tried to initiate, even the smallest gesture of helping him get off a broken bridge over a shallow stream of water had caused him to flinch.

It hurt Dream’s heart to see someone he loved dearly and held so close to his heart in anguish. Despite George’s own feelings, the blonde would remain his best friend through it all, even if the brunet never saw him as anything more.

It was after what seemed like hours when he had finally wanted to go off and find wherever the brunet was hiding away.

With a quick unzip of the tent, the blonde was up and moving, glancing up at the expanse of the night sky with a curious wonder to him. He was met with the twinkling lights of the stars above him, the moon just out of sight beyond the expanse of trees. Dream had always been one to appreciate the night, and everything it would give him. He preferred the cool breezes, occasional rain, and quiet tranquility that came with the sun’s continuous set.

He couldn’t see much aside from the tall trees in the dark, but a creak of wood gave away what he needed to hear.



Striding off into the woods and away from the other tents where their friends were sleeping peacefully, Dream caught glimpse of the brunet leaning against the wood railing of the bridge they had gone to on their first day.

He almost didn't want to interrupt; George was nothing short of ethereal in the moonlight. Eyes shining with a deep tourmaline haze against the shining water, arms tucked just underneath his chin acting as a pillow, and pale skin that seemed to glow under the stars.

Dream couldn't breathe, or really feel himself walk as he stepped onto the bridge and opened his mouth to speak.

"Hey."

George jumped taking a breath when he realized it was only Dream. A small smile started to pull against his lips as he moved his head up to look at him.

"What are you doing up? And here?" He responded words hushed despite the fact that no one was anywhere near to hear them.

"I could ask you the same thing."

Dream folded his hands and leaned against the wood. The brunet's eyes were filled with something he couldn't place. Not quite sadness, not quite anxiety, but something that was holding and weighing him down like a weight. It seemed to have been eating him up inside for the entire day, with the way he'd been acting, and the idea that George was upset or God forbid *hurting* made Dream's heart yearn to somehow fix the issue.

The air was silent for a few seconds, and it took everything out of the blonde to not reach out and hold the distressed boy next to him.

"What's wrong, Georgie," He whispered, nudging the brunet's elbow with his, and eyes filled with *want*.

Want to help, want to reach out, want to hold, want to take care of, want to never let go, want-

"Have you ever-"

George paused, eyes staying fixated on the rippling river beneath them. The moonlight made silver streaks against the water. He slowly glanced up to make eye contact as he hesitantly continued.

"Have you ever been in love but known it's not mutual?"

With the silence in the air, you could practically hear the moment Dream's heart stopped beating. The world had fell numb as soon as the words fell from his mouth. He *knew* his feelings would never be returned, he *knew* he had needed to suppress and stop living in whatever fantasy world he'd be trying, he *knew* that someone as angelic and incredible as George deserved someone better, he deserved the *best* of the best.

However, Dream knew he'd be willing to give George up to see him finally be *happy*. He'd do anything for the brunet, even if it meant letting him go.

"Yes," He breathed out, tearing his eyes from George's. "Yeah, more often than I'd like."

Dream could feel the sudden pooling of heat in the back of his eyes, and let his hands grip his arms stronger than they had before willing the tears to *leave* and keep this about *George*.

"I'm- I'm just afraid they'll see me differently or," The brunet paused, eyes attempting to pull Dream back to look at him. The blonde truly couldn't bring himself to, afraid the shakes in his hands and fragileness of his face would give away and expose every secret he'd been desperately holding on to for so long, "-or stop being my friend."

Dream huffed at that, absentmindedly thinking anyone who would shut down *George* would be the biggest idiot on the entire planet.

"If they're truly your friend, they'd never let that ruin your relationship,"

Another pause fell over the pair as the blonde had been focusing on a rock to try and keep everything from sending his floodgates loose. With a soft sigh, and more courage than he'd seemingly ever needed before, he turned back to the shorter.

"Anyone who'd reject you would be the hugest idiot on the planet, George."

Something in George's face shifted as the words left his mouth and he had quickly realized how tense he was as he spoke, the words being far more abrasive and harsh than he had intended. He opened his mouth to say something again, only to close it and let his eyes fall with worry. Earnesty and genuine concern fell across his face as his heart sank at the thought of only hurting George more. As he started to speak, a new sense of what seemed to be either anger or determination seeped into the brunet's eyes.

"I-I'm sorry I didn't mean to-"

He really had no time to react when he felt the tug on the collar of his shirt and his lips being pulled against the smaller boy's in seconds. Dream's eyes flew open at the sudden touch as his stomach twisted and turned in loops of intense infatuation, before realizing he should *do* something before George pulled away. His arms flew to his waist, hands digging into the skin with just enough possession that the message of 'mine' got across, but without damaging the precious person in his arms.

George was *heaven* against him. His lips were just as soft as he had imagined and tasted like cherry chapstick and warmth. Dream couldn't help but pull him flush against his chest as their mouths moved together with sweet abandonment, the world fading around them and giving them the beauty of being able to shape time however they pleased.

George had been the one to pull away first, a small giggle coming from him as Dream continued to chase his lips with shut eyes when he had. Blinking a few times, the blonde fully opened his eyes and took in the breathtaking sight of the brunet's gorgeous smile. He sputtered to get something out as heat flooded his face, and he registered the soft hands against his cheeks.

"Hi," was what he managed to get out. Another melody of laughs fell from George as he rolled his eyes.

"Does this mean that-"

"*Yes*, Dream."

A wide smile pulled against his cheeks as he studied the few freckles that dotted the pale skin of the shorter boy, hands gripping his waist that much tighter.

"Do you, uhm, maybe," Dream started, before trailing off into a sentence of nothing after becoming distracted by the brilliance in the brown eyes before him, shining that much brighter under the night sky.

“Go on then.”

It was the blonde’s turn to roll his eyes as he let out a huff of a laugh.

“I was gonna ask you to be my boyfriend but now I don’t think I want to-”

“ -*Dream!* ”

Fits of giggles fell upon the pair as neither could really seem to let go of the other, hands gripping fabric as tight as they could to assure the other was real.

And for Dream, having George under in his arms meant more than the world around them ever could.

“Alright, alright. Will you be my boyfriend, my dear George?”

“You’re *such* an idiot,” He mumbled, before pressing a soft, chaste kiss against the blonde’s lips.

Dream wasn’t able to respond, but the only thought running through his mind as the boy he’d fallen in love with so long ago made him breathless was the overwhelming sensation of peace. Finally, he had felt whole again.

## End Notes

so much fun to work with [drizvy](#) on this collab! their art piece for the work can be seen [here](#)!

hope you enjoyed :) <3

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